

Salisnac de la M^{re} the Lénelon F. de) Arch. of family

S P E C I M E N S
OF

A NEW VERSION

OF

T E L E M A C H U S.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A DEFENCE OF POETRY.

ADDRESSED TO

HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

POET-LAUREAT.

BY

I. D'ISRAELI.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR HARRISON AND CO. NO. 18, PATERNOSTER ROW.

M. DCC XCI.

(PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.)

STEFAN M. N. 2

STEFAN M. N. 2

STEFAN M. N. 2

STEFAN M. N. 2



STEFAN M. N. 2

STEFAN M. N. 2

STEFAN M. N. 2

STEFAN M. N. 2

STEFAN M. N. 2

STEFAN M. N. 2

STEFAN M. N. 2

A

DEFENCE OF POETRY.

* * * *It may be necessary to inform the Reader, that the following
POEM was intended to precede a Set of Satires.*

TO thee, my PYE, for whom the Muses wove
The greenest laurels of the' Aönian grove

(For in REFINEMENT'S THEME at once conspire

The Sage's learning and the Poet's fire):

To thee I write, ambitious of thy praise, 5

And, blushing, offer these imperfect lays.

So when the new-fledg'd bird, with anxious pain,

Waves it's light wing, and tries the' ætherial plain,

Verse 3. *The Progress of Refinement*, one of the few good Poems our living
writers have produced.

As

As all unform'd it's warm untutor'd song
 The echoing groves and vocal vales prolong, 10
 Asham'd to own the wildness of it's strain,
 At distance sighs, and lingers round the plain :
 But if the known Maternal voice invite,
 And pour it's music in suspended flight,
 Listening it hears, and thro' th' aërial ways 15
 Mounts on it's tender wing, and all it's soul effays.

Dear POWER OF VERSE! thy hand with forceful art
 Holds Nature's golden key that opes the heart ;
 There in that magic circle bids to move
 The fiends of Passion, or the forms of Love ; 20
 To finer sentiment can wake the Mind,
 And touch it's shadowy forms with tints more kind.

Thy SOCIAL POWER, it's honours now no more,
Each child of FANCY shall in vain deplore.

As Faction's vipers hiss within thy bowers, 25

From their cold fingers fall the dewy flowers:

The Dorian flute, the lyre Æolian, cease;

Nor Dorian flute, nor lyre Æolian, please!

E'en SHAKESPEARE'S genius, SPENSER'S fancy, fail;

While Folly bids her WOLCOT'S scandal hail. 30

'Tis She that gives his malice wings to fly—

Nursing in natal dirt the infant Lie,

Till grown more bold it flaunts about the town,

The dirty Prostitute of half-a-crown:

Yet once to VIRTUE was the MUSE endear'd, 35

Her Satire dreaded, and her Praise rever'd;

Pale o'er his lamp the pensive Sage has hung,
 And Heroes died, to be by Poets sung.
 Pure was that Spirit, which with holy heat,
 Taught, at the touch of Fame, their hearts to beat; 40
 Spotless the wreaths that deck'd the Muse's brow;
 The friend of Man, and but to Vice a foe.
 With MORAL PASSIONS Man's rude heart they grac'd,
 And spread the softening influence of TASTE.

The PASTORAL Muse all lightly breathes among
 The hollow hills her humanizing song;
 And graceful hangs, around the festal bowers,
 Garlands of Peace, and Virtue's loveliest flowers.
 What tears of balm, to heal the hurtled heart,
 Hath wept soft ELEGY's consoling art! 50

And

And when the EPIC Muse, sublime, designs
 The Hero, mid her visionary lines,
 Each Patriot burns; while, in her fager strain,
 She teaches Monarchs the great art, to REIGN.
 The TRAGIC Muse, ennobling, treads the stage; 55
 While the light COMIC regulates the age.
 And when bold wicked Men inflame the times,
 Vindictive SATIRE, rising, points her rhimes.

'Twas thus from earliest times the MUSES warm'd
 Th' ingenuous breast—it's prime delights have
 form'd; 60
 Dear to the cultur'd Mind, and feeling Heart,
 Who taste their lighter grace, and tender art;
 And 'tis their social elegance, we trace,
 Gives WIT new zest, and BEAUTY a new grace.

This did AUGUSTUS feel: the Monarch prest 65

The tuneful VIRGIL to his raptur'd breast.

Thus to great CÆSAR's care and fostering smile

The world's indebted for a VIRGIL's toil.

Poets are plants, that flourish round a THRONE,

There shed their sweets, and glitter in that SUN. 70

The Baron's Castle, and the Monarch's Court,

Form'd once for GENIUS a belov'd resort;

They caught the fancy of the Poet's song,

And feeling Sovereigns own'd the museful throng.

E'en red-cross RICHARD, with his minstrel art, 75

Beguil'd his griefs, and tam'd his lion-heart.

The steel-clad BARON wak'd his martial fire,

And Victory, listening, echoed to the wire;

While

While the bright FAIR in triumph interweaves

Her graceful myrtles with his laurel leaves. 80

But chief ITALIA's claffick plains beheld

THE BARD, and all their notes of triumph fwell'd!

Saw the soft PETRARCH quit Valclufa's vale,

And laurel-crown'd, heard Rome the Poet hail;

Saw ARIOSTO public praife reward, 85

And Death but snatch great TASSO's wreath, prepar'd.

And here our EDWARD's gallant reign reviv'd

Brave thirst of fame, and Honour still surviv'd.

THE MUSE and CHIVALRY with fondness strove

To grace THE ORDER of romantick LOVE. 90

Verse 86. Tasso died the evening before his intended coronation.

Verse 90. *The Garter* was once the decoration of Valour, and took its rise from that enthusiastick heroism which animated the amiable courtesy of the age of chivalry.

C

Accomplish'd

Accomplished Nobles with this magick art,
 Would mould the softness of the female heart.
 The tender eloquence that warms the eye,
 Or speaks persuasion in each artful sigh,
 Fail'd of it's aim; in verse the Knight address'd 95

The soft complainings of his anguish'd breast.
 An equal conflict, equal woe they share,
 Till the warm tumult melts the yielding fair.
 The Bard most skilful won the listening Dame;
 VERSE was the language or of LOVE or FAME. 100

In later times, as COMMERCE bade unfold
 Her fails, and ravish'd from the mine it's GOLD;
 Bade on the Tyrant's hand THE DIAMOND glare,
 While RUBIES seem their master's blood to share;

PEARLS, the bright emblems of the Indian's tears ; 105

Each GEM a witness of our guilt appears.

COMMERCE, what is it but a villain's art ?

It touch'd, and poison'd all the human heart :

Clos'd the wide circle where our feelings play,

And every noble virtue felt decay. 110

Cold Avarice saw the generous passions weep,

And lull'd with torpid touch the heart asleep.

Then DULLNESS triumph'd in her barbarous rage,

And smil'd indignant on the Poet's page.

No more the secret springs that lift the soul. 115

Yield to his touch, and feel his soft controul.

The rust of Avarice all the heart imprest,

Spoil'd its quick pulse, and canker'd all the breast.

Now

Now ceas'd the musick of the Poet's lyre,
 The genial rapture flowing from his wire: 120
 Now light the Muse's polish'd toils they deem;
 Sad SPENSER languish'd by cold MULLA's stream,
 Felt Pride's dark frown, illiberal Grandeur's spurn,
 And all his injur'd feelings vainly burn.
 For BURLEIGH had no heart; such he who rose 125
 The Savage Chieftain of fair Learning's foes.
 And as the volumes in his flames expire,
 Shakes the last brand, and blows th' exhausted fire,
 To Infamy the Muse consigns his name,
 And stirs his ashes till they stink to fame. 130

Verse 122. The river Mulla ran through the grounds of Spenser. Melancholy upon its banks the Bard was too frequently found.

Verse 126. The caliph Omar, who destroyed that inestimable treasure of letters, the Alexandrian library.

Our

Our MODERN POETS, 'midst the reigning rage,
 Torture with publick taste their feeble page.
 Now lost those finer touches which transport
 What, if they cannot PAINT, they will DISTORT.
 These CHINESE RAPHAELS' tints so wildly glare, } 135
 That if we can't admire, at least we stare,— }
 And buy the monsters too, as monsters rare. }
 Yet at the name, as if asham'd, they start,
 THE ART CAN NE'ER DISGRACE, BUT THEY DISGRACE

THE ART ;

Catch the capricious fashion of the hour, 140
 Think FAME is their's, and boast the POET's power.
 So once the wretch who JUNO's beauties caught,
 As mad as vain, with warm embraces fought,

D

With

With impious fondness mark'd the heavenly fair,
But, panting, grasps a painted cloud of air. 145

Oh lovely object! who with gentle hand
Weed'ft the rude mind, and bid'ft it's flowers expand,
Enchanting POESY! who life's sharp thorn
Bid'ft many a rose of fragrant hue adorn,
And to the Dove, that roams with weary flight, 150
Still on thy olive-branch thou bid'ft alight.

Soothe of troubled souls! whose hand can best
Pour the soft balm, and heal the wounded breast,
With many a tale thou draw'ft (so sweet thy lyre)
"Children from play, and old men from their fire." 155

Thou nurse of Science! Learning's sons carest
Drank sweet nutrition from thy milky breast;

With thy soft honey fwell'd their tender veins,
Till groffer food maturer strength attains.

Maternal Power ! those fons with letter'd phlegm 160

Betray thy caufe, their Sifter-Mufe contemn.

Even I have felt THE FOOL OF LEARNING's sneer,
Deprefs the Mufe, and wafte her sweets with fear.

So fome VILE GRUB, the garden's dreaded foe,

Withers the tender bloffoms as they grow, 165

Lays in bright ruin what fo richly bloom'd,

The fweet buds fcatter'd, and the flower confum'd.

But ne'er th' Inchantment of thy Art fhall ceafe,

What greatly flourish'd, or in ROME or GREECE

(Caft o'er the Earth thy comprehensive view) 170

Exifts in Man from CHINA to PERU.

See:

See the fwart INDIAN, in his palmy grove,
 Swell his rude Pipe, and make it found with Love.
 His Rein-deer journeying thro' a waste of Snows,
 With verfe the LAPLANDER's cold bosom glows. 175

'Tis Nature's felf that prompts th' eternal lays,
 'Tis Nature's voice that fpeaks the Poet's praife.

YE dear ENTHUSIASTS ! who my foul poffefs,
 And oft with vifionary rapture blefs ;
 For ye have ftolc my heedlefs heart away 180
 With the charm'd fweetnefs of th' Aönian lay.

Oh, as I loiter, in your glades and bowers,
 Give me my barren brows to wreathe with flowers.

No maniack wifh, to pafs in realms unknown,
 Content to call the Mufe's fields my own, 185

Prefs

Prefs her green fward, or climb her breezy hills,

Or catch some wild-dream by her warbling rills.

There are, indeed, who quit her vernal land,

And whiten with their bones some foreign strand,

With mad ambition in the tempest roll, 190

And with a fragile bark attempt the Pole.

Cease your Icarian flights ! and once be taught,

How seldom NATURE has a GENIUS wrought ;

Her COOKS and SHAKESPEARES are not form'd in haste ;

In such vast toils whole centuries are past. 195

A path of thistles, where no flower takes root,

Each step a toil that wounds the weary foot,

The Alps of Science and those rocks to gain,

That awful rise midst Learning's endless main.

How few with fortitude those toils attain, 200

While life benights us on the boundless plain !

But thine, dear Muse ! thy ways are all serene,

So sweet thy vales, thy mountain-tops so green ;

As some rich vineyard's cluster'd sweets incline

With purple tints, and yield delicious wine, 205

Th' admiring traveller marks the varying hues,

And drinks the transport of nectarean dews.

So with delight th' enchanting way we keep,

And 'tis the shortness, not the length, we weep.

INGENUOUS YOUTHS ! whose virtue's purer flame 210

Breaks forth, and kindles at the breath of fame ;

As oft you join the visionary quire,

And wake with many an artless charm the lyre,

Feel ye ambitious that the laurel bough

May crown with fame, nor wither on your brow? 215

Rise, and be greatly conscious of THE ART !

Know, as you strike, you touch the human heart.

It's soft vibrations all attun'd expand,

And it's fine fibres quiver to your hand :

You or awake the harmony of life, 220

Or the dire clash is Discord's rudest strife.

DARE ! AND BE VIRTUOUS THEN ! be bold, yet sage,

And COURT POSTERITY, and leave THIS AGE.

Like the sweet Lark, that quits it's nest to sing,

Till WARBLING FAR responsive echoes ring ; 225

UNSEEN the chauntress all her song assumes,

And shakes, in conscious pride, her rapturous plumes.

So

So muſt THE BARD (confirm'd by many a tale)

But feel Poſterity his labours hail;

'Tis what CAMOENS confeſt, what MILTON knew; 230

So cloſe allied the LAUREL to the YEW!

Let no mean art indulge the venal ſtrain,

Fame be thy price, and ſcorn a trifling gain.

And are there Poets for mere luſt of gold?

Are there who have the tuneful Muſes fold? 235

How ſmall their gains! how pitiful that aid!

The 'Change, or Counter, were A BETTER TRADE.

A Poet's Wages! who would purchaſe knaves?

A Bard's THE CHEAPEST, but THE WORST of ſlaves.

Then be it yours, congenial ſouls! to raiſe 240

THE POET'S DIGNITY, THE POET'S PRAISE.

Sublimely

Sublimely ARDENT, or with sportive GRACE,

The scenes of Nature let your genius trace. —

Now with the rapid Eagle's daring flight

Wreathe your strong pinions with the beams of

light; 245

Or, with the vagrant of the waxen tower,

Skim the sweet surface of the honey'd flower;

Now lead THE FAIR, thro' Fancy's faëry grove,

(Whose face is beauty, and whose look is love)

Or with a verse reward THE WISE and GOOD, 250

And HIM who for the Laurel gave his blood.

My feeble Muse demands a humbler strain,

Nor on this altar lays her hands profane;

Pleas'd if to others she the rage impart,

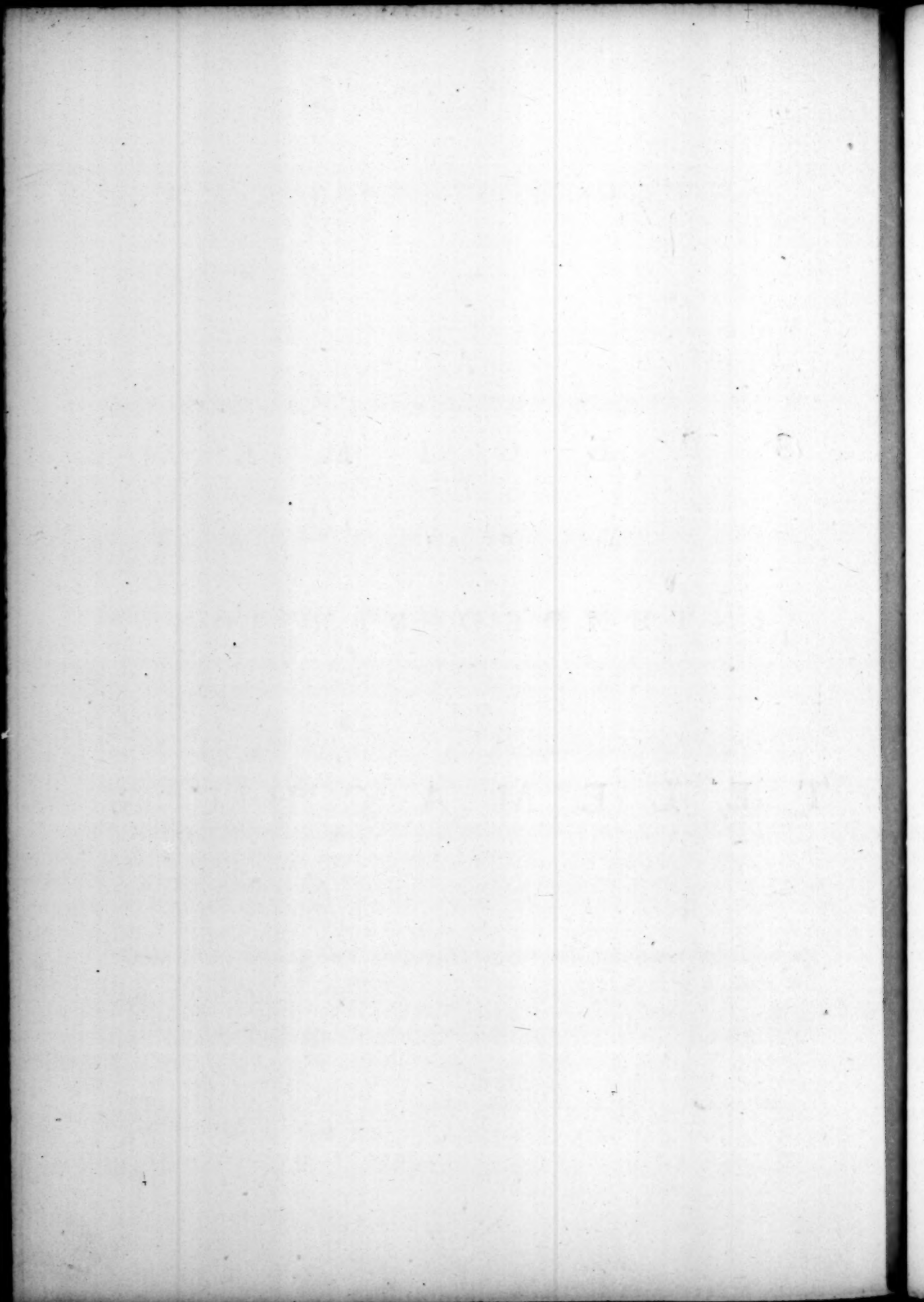
Content to shew her zeal, tho' not her art. 255

Provok'd she gives to these licentious times,
 Her angry numbers and vindictive rhimes.
 To thee, my PYE, she yields this nobler song,
 Strike! and enchant Aonia's claffick throng!

Thou, who behold'st my Muse's rash design, 260
 Teach me thy art of Poetry divine;
 Or, since thy cares, alas! on me were vain,
 Teach me that harder talent—to refrain.

Verse 257. *An Epistle on the Abuse of Satire*, addressed to the Laureat, was once intended to form a first Satire. An imperfect copy was sent by a friend to the Gentleman's Magazine. It was there inserted, sometime in the last summer. It had scarce made its appearance, when it was reprinted at length, and in mutilated forms, according to the pleasure of the editors of the town and country papers. It was long honoured, as I am informed, with a variety of paragraphs. It was then, and it is yet, confidently ascribed to Mr. Hayley. I hope that I shall not be thought vain, as I relate simply a fact. It is now said, in some papers, that Peter Pindar is employed at a formal answer to what he attributes to Mr. Hayley. I can think so well of Peter's discernment, as to imagine he must perceive the difference between the rough and artless labours of a young writer to the terseness and the elegance of Mr. Hayley's verse. I should think it detrimental to the reputation of this ingenious poet did I not take this opportunity, "with all its imperfections on its head," to claim the work as my own.

A
S P E C I M E N
OF AN
I N T E N D E D V E R S I O N
O F
T E L E M A C H U S.



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

IT was once the intention of the Author to have attempted a Poetical translation of the Epick of Telemachus. Among his juvenile productions, he has even found the First Book already versified, and he might have still proceeded in this labour had not Mr. Canton published a Blank Verse translation. How he has succeeded it is not with him to determine. The Version of an Epick is a task too considerable in every respect to be pursued, unless the Poet is certain, that, should his work be finished with skill, and with elegance, the Publick would be inclined to recompense him with their approbation. Some Criticks, particularly the Monthly Reviewers (as I perceive from their different journals) are of opinion, that to translate Telemachus in Verse is an useless labour, and that Blank Verse is to be preferred to Rhyme. It is with the utmost deference to these more experienced criticks, that I beg leave to dissent from them in this respect; and that I venture to affirm, that as no good Translation ever has been made in Blank Verse, it

is more than probable none ever will. There are, it is true, certain parts of Telemachus which render the version extremely difficult; and those minute details, and long political discourses, which evince the learning of the Archbishop, and are by no means displeasing in his harmonious and delicate prose, are notwithstanding inimical to the spirit and to the elegance of verse. Should the critical decision be favourable to this Specimen, it may induce me to pursue this poetical Version on a more liberal plan than has hitherto been attempted; and rather to catch the air and resemblance of Telemachus than scrupulously to trace every feature, and servilely to copy every lineament, in his countenance. The fate of such writers, like the fate of certain painters who copy the picture of a great master, is peculiarly unfortunate; they may indeed boast of their fidelity to the original, but, I do not know how it happens, it may be said with truth, that though they have presented us with an exact copy, they least resemble their original. Of this Dr. HAWKESWORTH was fully sensible, but it was of what BOYER and OZELL could have no comprehension. I hope, then, that I shall not be refused, in this Poetical Essay, a liberty which that ingenious writer was allowed in Prose.

T E L E-

T E L E M A C H U S.

B O O K I.

THE fair Calypso mourn'd Ulyffes' flight,
 With ceaseless sorrows wept her past delight ;
 For pining love had broke her soul's repose,
 And life immortal but increas'd her woes.
 No more her grotto's echoing notes prolong
 The sweet vibrations of her chearful song.
 Her lovely nymphs in timid silence wait,
 Indulge her sorrows, and deplore her fate.

Round her green isle, where joyous spring displays
 Eternal blooms, forlorn the goddess strays.

To soothe the anguish of her troubled breast,

While memory still Ulysses' form imprest,

In vain she tries each wilderness of sweets,

The breezy forests, and the bowery feats.

Sometimes (a beauteous image of despair)

To the lone beach her wandering feet repair ;

There with the passing gale she mix'd her sighs,

And there incessant turn'd her streaming eyes,

Where late the hero's bark she saw display

Its lessening sails, and cut the liquid way.

'Twas there she mark'd where late the tempest bore

The fragile vessel on the rocky shore ;

Here

Here broken benches, from their galley toft,
 There fails and cordage fcatter'd o'er the coaft;
 A maft, a rudder, floating near the ftand,
 And fhatter'd fragments on the yellow fand.

Amid the wreck two men diftrefs'd were feen,
 This fhew'd a youthful, that an aged mien;
 While in the youth Ulyffes' form fhe trac'd,
 His god-like dignity with fweetnefs grac'd;
 His lofty ftature, and majeftick air,
 The hero's fon, Telemachus, declare.

Pleas'd from the happy fhipwreck to have won
 Her lov'd Ulyffes, in his youthful fon,

H

With

With frowns severe she spoke (a thin disguise

To hide the joy that sparkles in her eyes)

“ What mortal dares these blissful realms explore ?

“ Who dares, unpunish'd, touch this sacred shore ?”

To whom Telemachus. “ Whate'er this place !

“ Or thou of mortal, or celestial race !

“ For tho' I view thee in a human form,

“ Thy faultless frame divinest beauties warm.

“ Can thy soft bosom be untouch'd with woe,

“ Nor pity, on a hapless son, bestow ?

“ A hapless son, who seeks his father lost,

“ O'er faithless seas and many a distant coast.

“ Yet vain my pious toils, my cares are vain,

“ I saw my vessel founder in yon main.

Then

Then thus the fair. " Say, what thy father's name ? "

The hero answer'd, " Not unknown to fame ;

" Ulysses he, who joined the rival powers

" That ten long years shook Troy's imperial towers.

" Wife in the council, valiant in the field,

" In peace our ornament, in war our shield.

" Remotest Asia sees him lost with grief,

" And widow'd Greece still weeps her absent chief.

" The much-enduring man, now vainly wife,

" Wanders the world, the sport of angry skies !

" Thro' foreign realms his vagrant toils renews,

" His country flies him, and his son pursues.

" At Ithaca, Penelope deplores

" His fatal absence from his native shores,

" My

" My godlike father I purfue in vain,
 " Thro' equal perils of the stormy main.
 " Even now, perhaps, the furious waves have clos'd
 " O'er his worn frame, and all our hopes oppos'd.
 " Oh, goddess, then alleviate our diftrefs!
 " Nor ftill our woes with added woe opprefs;
 " And if th' illuftrious hero's fate be known,
 " Reveal th' hiftory to his haplefs fon."

With graceful air the youthful hero bow'd.
 Encircled by her nymphs, a beauteous crowd!
 Follow'd the goddess, who diftinguifh'd fhone,
 As fome tall oak, the foreft's fplendour grown,

Lifts high it's towering summit o'er the rest,
 The majesty of all the wood confess'd!
 He fed his eyes on every polish'd charm,
 Her snowy bosom, and her marble arm,
 Her length of hair, that sparkling gems sustain,
 The floating richness of her purple train.
 A graceful negligence adorns each part,
 Yet was that negligence a studied art.
 But chief her radiant eyes the hero fix,
 Where love's vivacious fires with temper'd sweetness mix.
 The modest Mentor bent his downcast eyes;
 Silent he mark'd each varying passion rise.

When now they gain the grotto's arched gate,
 Surpris'd he view'd the simple rural state.

The curious eye fought vainly to behold,
 Or polished marble, or more laboured gold.
 No breathing statues here, no columns rise,
 No finish'd paintings caught their wandering eyes;
 But thro' the vaulted grot were sparkling seen
 (Fit ornaments to grace a sylvan scene)
 The various-tinted shell, the shining spar,
 The crystal's trembling light that stream'd afar.
 Along the pebbly floor, and round each feat,
 A spreading vine's luxuriant tendrils meet.
 A cool recess! a vernal colonnade!
 Where the light breezes whisper'd in the shade.
 The sun in vain pour'd down his ardent rays,
 The shady grotto mock'd the noon-tide blaze.

The sportive fountains here their waves unite,
 Thro' vales of spring and regions of delight ;
 Pure cryftal baths ! in bowery groves they wind,
 At once for ornament and ufe designed.
 Here the foft violet rear'd it's purple head,
 And afphodel it's yellow glory fhed ;
 The vernal velvet that the grotto bound,
 A thoufand flowers with living colours crown'd.
 Not far remov'd, in beauteous order flood,
 With boughs of ductile gold, a facred wood ;
 The burnish'd fruitage fhine with fparkling bloom,
 Scatter ambrofial fweets, and all the vale perfume.
 Here a deep night it's verdant arch display'd,
 The day's bright beams ne'er pierc'd the awful fhade.

A pleasing

A pleasing silence reign'd; save when around,
 Dash'd into foam, the falling waters found;
 Or when along th' enamelled banks they glide,
 And, in their murmurs, seem those banks to chide;
 Or the plum'd race their sweetest music try,
 And heavenly notes the painted choir apply.

The beauteous grotto on th' acclivious green
 Displays a wide circuit of scene.

Here might they mark the still sea's peaceful reign,
 Like polish'd glass reflect the various plain;
 The curling waves their azure heads reveal,
 And floating verdure from the forests steal;
 Or, gathering awful force, with ampler roar,
 The beating billows lash the sounding shore,

And white with foam the swelling surges rise,
 And heave their liquid mountains to the skies.
 A river there its silver volumes rolled,
 And variegated isles their greens unfold;
 The quivering lime was there, the bleeding myrrh,
 The lofty poplar, and the unctuous fir;
 The streams in fondness thro' the vallies stray,
 Kiss the sweet banks, and linger in their way;
 With playful wantonness their waters glide,
 Or rapid pour a wide tumultuous tide.
 The distant hills in bluey vapours rise,
 And form romantick figures to the eyes.
 The nearer mountains, from their steepy side,
 Glow with rich tints, the vineyard's purple pride;

In bright festoons the bending boughs intwine,
 And clustering grapes beneath the foliage shine.
 There luscious figs a darker hue disclose,
 The olive shoots, the red pomegranate glows ;
 The boundless landscape, to th' admiring eye,
 Seem'd with Elysium's heavenly groves to vie.

Now where the grotto's deep recesses spread,
 Him, and his friend, th' attendant beauties led.
 Here had the nymphs prepar'd a cedar fire,
 In odorous flames the crackling sweets aspire ;
 The cedrine billets all their perfumes shed,
 And rolled a cloud of incense o'er their head.

Telemachus

Telemachus perceived for him they place

Rich-shining vestments, wrought with various grace ;

A filken tunick, of a milk-white fold,

A robe of purple, stiff with woven gold.

The youthful hero, with tumultuous joys,

On vests so rich his dazzled eyes employs ;

The young mind's error——A reproving look

Mentor sent forth, and thus the Prince bespoke :

“ Are these the trifles that allure thy sight ?

“ Are these the thoughts Ulysses' son delight ?

“ O rather, studious on thy father's name,

“ Conquer ill-fortune, and assert thy fame.

“ The youth effeminate, whose softened thought

“ With female arts and low pursuits is fraught,

“ Renounces

“ Renounces glory; they alone attain

“ Who vanquish pleasure, and who smile on pain.”

The youthful hero answered, with a sigh;

“ Immortal deities! first let me die!

“ Perish Telemachus! ere slothful joy,

“ Or soft voluptuousness, his soul destroy.

“ Ulysses' son on nobler deeds shall seize,

“ Than spring from pleasure and inglorious ease;

“ But heaven benignant, in a happy hour,

“ Thus cast us shipwreck'd on this friendly shore,

“ This wonderful mortal's gentle reign to share,

“ Or rather goddess, and like Venus fair.”

Then venerable Mentor——“ Rather fear!

“ And doubt her most when most her wiles endear;

- “ Her fraudulent kindness, and attractions bland,
 “ Are far more dangerous than her rocky strand ;
 “ Shipwreck and death a lighter ill portend
 “ Than the soft pleasures which our virtue bend ;
 “ Too much already on her charms you hung,
 “ But chief, forbear the musick of her tongue.
 “ Presumptuous youth, with fond illusive hope,
 “ Thinks (rashly vain) with subtlety to cope ;
 “ Where pleasure’s nets their tangled meshes spread,
 “ Can see no evil, and no danger dread.
 “ Ah ! fear the fair’s insinuating power,
 “ So glides the serpent in the painted flower !
 “ Go ! doubt thyself ! the latent poison fear,
 “ And on my wary counsels rest thine ear.”

This said, they join Calypso's sylvan state,
 Where, throng'd, a bevy of bright damsels wait,
 In snowy vestments, and with braided hair
 With equal charms the various service share.
 And now, with game collected from the chace,
 Her nymphs the sweet refection spread with grace.
 Whate'er their artful nets (a rural guile)
 Or their keen arrows, heap with sylvan spoil.
 In golden goblets, wreath'd with many a flower,
 Their beauteous hands from silver vases pour
 The sparkling wine; some scatter sweets around;
 Some with rich fruits the liberal baskets crown'd.
 What the green spring, or yellow autumn lend,
 Here plenteous poured, their rival lustre blend.

Meanwhile four nymphs with melting notes prolong
 The breathing harmony of living song :
 The Giants' wars with heaven's eternal king ;
 The loves of Jove and Semele they sing ;
 Then old Silenus' purple toils impart,
 Whence the young Bacchus learnt the drinking art ;
 Next the wing-footed Atalanta's race,
 Who caught the golden fruit with fatal grace ;
 And last, the wars of Troy—with zeal they raise
 A louder strain, and chaunt Ulysses' praise.
 Leucothoë assists the tuneful choir,
 Her volant finger waked the silver lyre ;
 A tender lute soft breathes a trembling sound,
 And pours a stream of melody around.

Touch'd

Touch'd at the theme Telemachus resign'd
 To filial sorrows all his pious mind.
 Their mournful strains those pious sorrows speak,
 And the big drops rolled trembling down his cheek ;
 His bloomy beauties with new lustre shine ;
 The goddess mark'd, and gave a secret sign——
 In livelier measures now their notes rebound,
 The Lapithæ's and Centaurs' wars resound ;
 Or, chang'd with magick art, the various song,
 And Orpheus' hapless fate the nymphs prolong,
 Who left our earth, and thro' the realms of night
 His sweet strings taught the shades of hell delight :
 In vain Eurydice the gods restore ;
 His notes must still Eurydice deplore.

With

With favouring gales the glassy waves we sweep,
And light our vessel flew along the deep;
But rising tempests spread a sudden night,
And the blue heaven is ravish'd from our sight;
O'er boiling seas the tossing vessel bounds,
Broad lightning flashes, and deep thunder sounds.
As shoots the flame a scattered fleet appears,
More than the storm that fleet excites our fears;
We mark with horror, that our Trojan foes
On every side our hapless bark inclose.
'Tis then too late, I blame th' intemperate zeal,
Too late th' imprudent warmth of youth I feel.

The trembling pilot raves, forfakes his care,

And lifts his eyes, an image of despair !

The intrepid Mentor now the bark commands,

Fearless, and calm, amid the danger stands.

With ardent courage now my soul he fired,

And with unwonted fortitude inspired.

“ Bless’d fage !” I cried, “ Ah ! why, in youth unwise,

“ Did my deaf ear reject the calm advice ?

“ What greater curse can human life sustain,

“ When youth’s warm hand directs th’ unbridled rein ?

“ Too prodigal we waste the present hour,

“ Not wisely manage, but it’s sweets devour ;

“ No ripe experience from the past we gain,

“ And, when we seek the future, seek in vain.

“ Ah ! should we 'scape the tempest, and our foes,

“ On thy sage counsels shall my youth repose ;

“ My mind imprest receives this wholesome truth,

“ The worst of enemies to youth, is youth.”

He smiled, and thus replied th' intrepid sage :

“ Be taught to doubt thyself, and fear thine age ;

“ Perhaps, the danger past, new ardours burn,

“ And mad presumption shall again return.

“ The distant peril, formidable eye,

“ And shun with caution, and with wisdom fly ;

“ But danger present with contempt behold,

“ 'Tis prudence then that bids thee to be bold ;

“ Be worthy of thy fire, nor let thy soul

“ A danger deaden, or a fear controul.”

He

He thus th' afflicted mind with wisdom charms,
 With hope revives me, and with courage warms.
 When now the heavens reveal their azure light,
 And now expose us to the Trojans' fight;
 He mark'd a straggling vessel, built like ours,
 Save that it's stern was wreath'd with various flowers;
 (That wandering vessel not in vain we find,
 Oh! heavenly blessing, an inventive mind!)
 And now our stern with various flowers he crown'd,
 With artful bands of mimick colours bound;
 Low on their seats he bids the rowers bend,
 Their oars beat rapid, and their sails extend.
 We pierce the Trojan fleet, secure we fly,
 Deceived, their lost companion meets their eye;

With

With shouts of clamorous joy our vessel greet,
 Till, by degrees, we quit th' unfriendly fleet.
 Th' impetuous winds impel to Africk's shores,
 With patient toil we ply th' unwearied oars;
 And long we bear the conflict of the main,
 Till now Sicilia's wish'd-for coasts we gain.
 Dreadful success! less perilous the fleet
 We fly, than dangers on this coast we meet.

FINIS.

[10]

With shouts of clamorous joy our vessel greet,
Till, by degrees, we quit th' unfriendly fleet.
Th' impetuous winds impel to Africk's shores,
With patient toil we ply th' unwearied oars;
And long we bear the ceasing of the rain,
Till now Sicily's with joy we gain.
Shortly will be Published,
Dreadful success! let persons the fleet

POETICAL ROMANCES.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

FINIS

